I felt that shade simultaneously throughout my body. My bare feet were touching a cooler earth. The less burning air entered my lungs like a wine. My eyelids found acute pleasure in its caress.

Skating. Ice on which no one has yet skated. Cannot be distinguished from the water —treachery —you might even think you were slipping along on the water itself— the sun shining on the ice makes a mirror — and you can see yourself in it — so that through my speed and the angle of my body, combined as I turned, 1 seemed to myself as if lying in space and looked at myself close by, leaning over the reflection like Narcissus.

Return at evening toward the village, lighted by the setting sun— which gave us immense shadows on the road.

Other tired returns —too late —sun already set — melancholies.

Skating on overflowed ponds, among the reeds — among the tree-trunks.

Skating on canals — not alone—-and shout out as you pass very fast: "Look! a gate, a house."

Skating at Versailles to the end of the Grand Canal.

"The most enchanted soil would become hateful to me as soon as I felt that I had put out roots in it/' (Dumas fih, Preface to La Question d*argent.*)

Human laziness is infinite. It is the triumph of inertia over more delicate laws. It is sometimes called wisdom; it prevents what is coming from arriving too quickly.

Very few people really love life; the horror of any change is a proof of this. The thing they least like to change, with their lodging, is their thought. Wife, friends come afterwards; but lodging and thought involve too great an effort. There you have squatted and there you stay. You furnish the surroundings to your taste, making everything resemble you as closely as possible. You avoid any opportunity

for anything to contradict. It is a mirror, a prepared approbation. In this environment you don't live; you take root. Very few, I assure you, really love life.

Listen to people talk. Who listens to one another? The contradictors? Not at all. You listen only to those who repeat your thought, The more it is expressed as you would have expressed it yourself, the more willingly you listen. The skill of popular journalists lies in making the imbecfle who reads them say: "That's exactly what I was thinking!" We want to be flattered, not rubbed the wrong way* Oh, how slow is the